

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

March 1944





ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS

PEKIN CAMELS

From an original etching by Thomas Handforth



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



UNITED IN SERVICE

For Victory—As junior members take part in Red Cross service to our armed forces. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out the needs.

For Example:

Make small puzzles from scraps of wire, string or other light-weight materials for wounded men to amuse themselves with before they are strong enough to sit up. Include the solution with each puzzle.

Make diaries in which convalescent men can write notes or draw pictures of amusing experiences.

Make a special effort to help our fighting men through the final years of the war. Find out recent needs in camp hospitals.

For example: Correspondence folders, bed pockets for letters, bedside bags for personal property, strand-up favors like paper flower-pots with paper flowers, napkins and tray mats for holidays.

Arrange installments of serial stories in sequence and sew firmly into a cover or number them in order and place in an envelope.

Find out what you can collect for hospital Arts and Skills Units. Have your Junior Red Cross chairman ask through the Camp Council or the area Red Cross office.



UNITED IN SERVICE

For Victory—Use your special opportunities at school to find out facts that help your families understand reasons for war time measures. *For example:*

Collect and discuss news articles about problems of distributing food and other goods; such as changes in shortages with season and locality, more wages and fewer goods, supplies for our fighting men and our allies.

Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to get up-to-the-minute material for you from the Community Service Member of the War Price and Rationing Board.

Make posters on "good fighting words" like rationing, ceiling prices, war savings, Red Cross War Fund.

Make a booklet or shopping card called "Points to Remember," each month, for the member of your family who does the marketing. Note expiration dates of ration points in time to avoid the last-day rush. Note ceiling prices in your store and any changes in point values in food.

Try new foods for economy in prices and points and for improvement in nutrition.

YOUNG MEMBERS, PLAY GROCERY STORE. HAVE MAKE-BELIEVE RATION BOOKS.

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

"Ideas on the March," "The Red Cross Helps—," "Toot-toot—Gift Train," "You and the War Fund"

General Science:

"Amber Treasure," "The Surprise Victory Garden"

Geography:

Chile—"International Correspondence Quiz"

China—"China Goes to the Movies," "When the Typhoon Blows"

Sweden—"Winks and the Willy-gillis"

U. S. A.—"The Surprise Victory Garden," "Shepherds and Cowboys," "My Dad's Story," "Winks and the Willy-gillis"

United Nations—"The Surprise Victory Garden," "China Goes to the Movies," "Shepherds and Cowboys," "When the Typhoon Blows," "The Red Cross Helps—," "International Correspondence Quiz," "You and the War Fund," "They're in the Army Now"

Nature Study:

"The Surprise Victory Garden," "Amber Treasure," "They're in the Army Now"

Primary Grades:

"Kite Time," "Winks and the Willy-gillis," "Toot-toot—Gift Train"

Units:

Animals and Pets—"My Dad's Story," "Shepherds and Cowboys," "They're in the Army Now"

Food for Victory—"Shepherds and Cowboys"

Frontier Living—"China Goes to the Movies," "Shepherds and Cowboys"

Invention and Modern Industry—"China Goes to the Movies," "The Surprise Victory Garden"

War—"China Goes to the Movies," "My Dad's Story," "When the Typhoon Blows," "The Red Cross Helps—," "You and the War Fund," "They're in the Army Now"

In Braille

The braille edition of the Junior Red Cross magazine this month includes, from the *News*, in braille grade 1½, "The Red Cross Helps—," "Amber Treasure," "My Dad's Story," "Shepherds and Cowboys," "Winks and the Willy-gillis," "Toot-toot—Gift Train," "Ideas on the March." The selections from the *Junior Red Cross Journal* are in braille grade 2.

Plans for May

In planning ahead for "I am an American Day" announced for May 21 you might have pupils examine files of the Junior Red Cross magazines for material.

Although May 21, which falls on a Sunday, is proclaimed as a special day to honor our newly accepted American citizens, it may serve as an occasion for reminding Junior Red Cross members of their opportunity to practice good-will towards children of various national and racial backgrounds.

The way in which material from the Junior Red Cross magazines helps in developing national unity is illustrated by a letter from an elementary school supervisor, Mary Meighen, Escanaba City Schools, Michigan. She quoted from themes of intermediate grade children about Dorothy Canfield Fisher's story "Thanksgiving Day" in the November issue. Her letter said, "We had used the story in the following way: teachers in grades 4, 5, and 6 read the story to the children and then asked them to write their reactions. Their reactions showed how sensitive children are to injustice. I am enclosing a few excerpts from the papers which I thought might be of interest to you."

Some of the excerpts are given below:

"I feel that every child in America should feel the same way Magda did, thankful that they are free Americans."

"Think about others as we want to be thought about. Do not hate anybody, no matter what they are—German, or anything else. Play fair with everybody."

"I feel so sorry for Magda. I felt like crying when I read about her and her grandfather in Germany. It grieves me to think about how those German children have to go to school and have to obey the officers. The story gives me a funny feeling inside. The feeling is: I wish that only Magda could be with us, so we could work and play together."

"American-born people are slow to realize that refugees from countries are good Americans too. Because they don't speak good English or dress the way others do the American-born people think them dumb. They forget that America was founded on foreigners that wished to be Americans."

"P.S.—I hope Magda was happy after that."

"I think the reason for the children's first reaction was because of Magda's queer dress and because they did not understand her. After hearing the prayer and what she had been through it opened their eyes to the real Magda."

"I think we should share our country with other people and not be selfish."

"I think that we should not only have liberty and freedom in our country, we should have it in the whole world."

"Our ancestors came from foreign lands, too. Magda thought that America was just wonderful. We don't appreciate America enough."

"I didn't like Betty's attitude toward Magda. After all, her ancestors came from Europe and she should have remembered Thomas Jefferson's old saying that everybody is equal."

Developing Calendar Activities for March

War on Waste

A PROJECT that combined conservation with fund raising was directed by Miss Olive Tetzner, a teacher in the sixth grade of Lincoln School, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

"Our elementary school children are vitally interested in and concerned with our present national crisis, as evidenced by my class of thirty-five sixth graders. When the senior Red Cross drive was announced in this community this group devoted the whole period of their citizenship club to a discussion of the founding, history, and work of the organization. Determined to help in whatever way they could, they discussed various plans for raising money, and finally decided upon a waste paper campaign.

"The boys and girls of the class joined forces to scour the town for old magazines and newspapers. Choosing captains for both the girls' and boys' teams, they divided the town of approximately 10,000 people in sections and allotted each member a definite number of streets to canvass. Many sections were too far away to concentrate on, and undoubtedly many homes were missed, but over a ton and a half of paper found its way to our room.

"One of the children who laughingly said we were 'all out for Red Cross—in more ways than one' described our situation perfectly. Our room became so filled that another week of the campaign would undoubtedly have found us holding classes in the hall or under the eaves.

"As the newspapers came in, they were laid out flat and rolled into large rolls to be sold. Twelve hundred pounds of newspapers were disposed of in this fashion. The magazines and loose odds and ends of papers and magazines in a room of thirty-five youngsters could easily have spelled bedlam, but this group planned and executed the collection, preparation, and disbursement of the material in an admirable manner. It was *their* campaign, and each member of the group felt his individual responsibility toward it.

"The total—when the amount received from the final magazine sale was added—amounted to \$33. Our Superintendent allowed us the use of the school truck in hauling.

"Thirty-three dollars is by comparison perhaps a small amount, but to 35 sixth graders it meant a great deal more. It meant sacrificing money earned that might have been spent on candy, movies, and other childhood pleasures, and giving up hours of playtime to gather, haul, roll, and bale the papers and magazines. It meant satisfaction in helping along a worthy cause, and realizing a coveted goal.

"To me as a teacher, the project afforded many teaching possibilities. It supplied material for themes and story-writing in English class. In arithmetic we kept daily accounts of our progress and had an invaluable amount of practice in using fractions and decimals in figuring out the amounts of our sales. To them, these problems were fun, and for me it was a satisfactory way of overcoming two sixth grade arithmetic 'bugbears'.

"The complete picture story of the project, worked out in art class, provided no end of pleasure and amusement for the group. The drawings depicted various phases of the campaign and many humorous

incidents that occurred in connection with it. Other incidents readily correlated with lessons in health, safety, and citizenship.

"Besides having been a great deal of fun, aiding a most worthy cause, and providing us with interesting, usable material to correlate with our regular school work, the activity developed cooperation, dependability, initiative, and responsibility."

Conservation for Service

In the news letter of the Palm Beach County, Florida, Junior Red Cross, careful explanation was made of the uses for salvaged materials thus giving added meaning to the "war on waste."

"Many of the articles you will be asked to collect will be for your own use in the workrooms. Paper scissors, cutting scissors, rulers, pencils and straight chairs are your tools. Pieces of felt make decorations for the covers for Braille books, which blind children can feel and enjoy. Scraps of bright print and bits of yarn are used to cover and decorate stuffed toys. Pieces of blanket, if they are over 60% wool, are greatly in demand for administering the Kenney treatment for infantile paralysis. Old woolen underwear can be used for the same purpose as well as in making stupes or sterile wringers for hospitals. The broom handles you collect will be cut up and used as handles for these wringers.

"Playing cards, coat hangers, week-old magazines, funny books and magazine subscriptions are all sent immediately to soldiers. . . . Cross-word puzzles and their answers are pasted on the paste-board you collect, and when the lids of jars are lacquered and set in wooden bases, attractive and serviceable ashtrays are ready for soldiers' use.

"There is a reason for everything you are asked to collect. If you ever don't understand why, make it your job to ask your teacher-sponsor or drop in at Junior Red Cross Headquarters."

Receiving End

The end result of Red Cross service gains sharper point in a letter to the Junior Red Cross Council of Oklahoma County Chapter, Oklahoma, from one of its former presidents.

"My position in Junior Red Cross has changed somewhat and I'm now on the 'receiving end' of the cycle. I fractured my leg recently in the field and have been confined to the station hospital for a period. At the head of my bed hangs a toilet kit by the Jackson County, South Dakota, Chapter, and I've been reading cartoon books made by Juniors some place. The Red Cross annex is a popular part of the hospital. They have a day room for reading, writing, etc., a hobby shop, and various other places of amusement. Each night they present a program, and books and magazines are brought around to the wards. Red Cross is definitely *ON THE JOB!*

"The Juniors must not underestimate the value of their work. No article they turn out is not appreciated. Frankly, my old 'cash on the line' attitude could easily be changed to *SERVICE, SERVICE, and SERVICE*. Urge the Juniors to continue their excellent work with untiring and increased efforts. They are doing a remarkable job."

"Keep It Flying All Over the World"

For example: Belt buckles, the leather glove that was not lost, other scraps of leather, fancy buttons, rayon remnants, cosmetic jars with screw tops, tin cans or empty metal medicine boxes, small picture frames, surplus scissors of any size, fine wire for stringing shells.

Look over SAF lists for gifts you can make that will be good for prizes in ward parties, including booby prizes.

Plan special Easter gifts with paper Easter lilies or other cards to accompany them. Do not put your own name on the cards but "Greetings of the Junior Red Cross", with name of school and chapter.

On the Home Front—Make a special effort to help our fighting men through the final years of the war. *Examples of ways you can fight our enemies:*

Fight inflation by buying war stamps and saving extra earnings. Live within your allowance on a pay-as-you-go basis.

Help others understand the need of fighting inflation and warring on waste. Draw cartoons. Make posters. Give reports in class or auditorium. Write articles for your school paper. *Examples of Subjects:* "More Mileage from my Shoes," "The Make-Do Club," "Saving Some Fun for the Future."

1944 MARCH 1944						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Read in this number of the *Junior Red Cross News* about ways that contributors to the Red Cross serve the armed forces. Ask your teacher to read you the soldier's letter from her side of the *Calendar*. Draw pictures to illustrate some of the ways. Give a play to show parents and other friends about Red Cross work and history.

Earn individual or group contributions for the Red Cross War Fund. Do not set a quota for schools or rooms. Do not make public the amount of individual contributions but emphasize voluntary service.

Search past issues of the *News* and the *Calendar* for ways other Junior Red Cross groups have earned money.

BOOKS AND MONEY. CHOOSE FOOD TO GIVE THE BEST DIET FOR YOUR MONEY.

Opportunities Coming Up—

Make Easter favors this month for camp hospitals and hospitals of the U. S. Veterans' Administration and the Public Health Service.

Make favors for local hospitals and public homes for children or older people. Decide carefully what kinds of gifts will be best for each purpose. In making gifts do not waste materials.

Have a conservation shelf with boxes for different kinds of salvaged materials like scrap wood, cloth remnants and samples, bits of paper, string, yarn, wire.

Begin collecting materials for Junior Red Cross summer work-rooms. Ask your chairman what will be needed.

Plan vegetable and flower gardens for summer service. Make a calendar for planting and care of victory gardens in your climate. Use seeds saved from last year. Exchange seeds with other schools in your chapter.

Help "win the peace"—Start a clipping file about postwar planning. *Examples:* our government's plans to educate fighting men when they return, things that would help your own brothers and fathers, changing from manufacture of war goods to manufacture of goods for peace time needs.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

March • 1944

The Surprise Victory Garden

GERTRUDE BLUMENTHAL

Illustrations by Meg Wohlberg

CAROL WANTED a garden more than anything else in the world. But the more she thought about it, the sadder she became, because Carol lived in a city full of houses so close to each other she could reach out the kitchen window and shake hands with a person in the house across the alley. The streets were paved, right up to the entrance way. The back yard was a tiny concrete square.

Some people kept flower boxes out on their fire escapes, but for Carol they were a poor substitute for a real garden. Besides, she liked the fire escape to sleep on in the hot summer. Her father would put boards over the openings through which the ladders went. Her mother would pile it high with mattresses and then all the children would sleep there.

Carol was glad they lived in the top floor apartment with no fire escape above them. It was wonderful lying there, looking up into the sky that stretched endlessly.

Now it was early spring and Carol had a birthday. There was a cake with frosting and candles and birthday cards and presents, and



"Flowers" she cried. "Flowers. Me smell." And then Lois grabbed for the plants and pulled one up

an extra dime to spend however she liked. So she bought a package of mixed flower seeds.

Her mother said, "Maybe Mrs. Donnelly's son, the one that works in the city parks, could bring you some soil, and the next time you go down to the grocer ask him for a wooden box to plant them in."

The box was quite small, but it was the only one, so Carol took it. The soil, too, was just enough to fill the long narrow box.

The seeds were put in, the earth was packed down firmly about them; they were given a drink of water, very gently. Carefully the box was placed on the fire escape, turned just so to get as much sun as possible.

The March winds blew fiercely, rattling the windowpanes and stirring up the dust. The clothes on the rooftops were twisted into queer shapes. The children going to and from school scurried before the wind.

Carol and Stephen and Janey all kept twisting the box this way and that, to give it more sun and to keep it from getting too much

American Junior Red Cross News is published monthly, September to May except January, by the American National Red Cross. Copyright 1944 by the American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is fifty cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions accepted at fifty cents a year, ten cents a single copy. Vol. 25, No. 6, March, 1944. Entered as second class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921. Additional entry made at St. Louis, Missouri.

wind. The flower box was their first thought in the morning and their last thought at night. The window was opened a dozen times a day to see if anything was happening.

And yet the box yielded nothing. Mrs. Donnelly's advice was sought.

Mrs. Donnelly was most concerned. "Maybe worms got in and ate the seeds. Now I always make a good strong solution of soap and water. The stronger the better, and I pour it in and, if it doesn't kill the worms, nothing will."

So they poured a strong solution of soap and water into the box. Then suddenly, one morning, Janey discovered tiny sprouts. She shouted so loud, it brought the others on the run.

Each day the green blades grew a teeny bit larger. Each day Carol watered them and the sun shone down on them and the box began to hold forth much promise.

Then it started raining one day at dawn, and it went on raining. When Carol looked at the box toward evening, it was flooded right up to the top.

When the rain did finally stop, they found it had dug up holes in the earth and washed out some of the tiny seedlings. Janey could have cried, but Stephen was philosophic. "The survival of the fittest," he said. "We learned that in school. Those plants were weak," he said, "so they couldn't stand the force of the water. They would have died anyway. Now what's left will be strong and beautiful."

The days grew less chill and the plants grew slightly bigger.

School declared a two-day holiday and Daddy insisted this was a fine time for a four-day visit with Aunt Martha in New Jersey.

They left notes for the iceman to leave no ice; for the milkman to deliver no milk. The windows were shut tight, everything was locked carefully away and off they went, never giving a single thought to the garden.

The sun shone with extra warmth those four days, and the earth became drier and drier. It cracked in a few places, and the little plants that were not so strong, and those that were stronger, too, shriveled up for lack of water.

It was a sad flower box that they looked at on the morning of the fifth day. Tears went streaming down into the box together with the water Carol kept pouring and pouring in. Four plants finally straightened themselves out and spread their leaves like ballet skirts and survived. Four out of a box full!

For awhile all went well with the box. The four plants, all in a row, grew taller. The stems became thicker and firmer, and the leaves grew bigger and brighter. From the differences in their shapes and sizes Carol could tell that each would be a different kind of flower.

Janey said they didn't look very much like flower plants, and Stephen said, "Oh, anyone can see they're not flowers." Stephen was a terrible tease. "And if they are not flowers, they must be vegetables. And if they *are* vegetables, then you have a Victory Garden!"

Janey liked the idea, too, and whenever she felt in a teasing mood, she'd speak to Carol of her Victory Garden.

"I don't care," Carol said. "I say they *are* flowers. Even if this one is a funny shape," and she pointed to one with slightly larger leaves.

Once Stephen said, "That last one is catnip," and everyone laughed to think of *that* growing in a garden.

They all agreed, the day afterwards, that it must have been true, for during the night a cat wandered onto the fire escape and dug up the end plant in the box. They *knew* it was a cat, for one of its paws had left an imprint in the damp earth.

Now there were three bits of green left in the garden. The one Carol didn't especially like was taller than all the others, and its leaves were bigger, too.

Around Easter, Aunt Betty came to visit, bringing Lois with her. Lois was just about the prettiest baby Carol had ever seen; roly-poly, pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, she gurgled and cooed till you wanted to hug her to pieces. Janey dragged her to the window to show her the view.

"Fowers," she cried when she saw the box of plants. "Fowers. Me smell."

Carol opened the window and gently lifted the box inside. Before she could put it down on the window sill, Lois grabbed for the plants and pulled one up.

The two last plants flourished. They seemed to be trying to make up for lost time. Even Carol's ugly duckling of a plant began to look interesting.

On a brilliant day in May, men began to arrive with big pails and ladders and ropes. They brought shovels and brooms and more ropes up to the roof. Stephen and Carol and Janey and all the other children in the building went trooping up to see what was happening.

"Now you kids keep out of the way," one of the men cautioned. "We're going to put fresh tar on the roof, and we don't want any of you getting stuck in it."

They all hedged over to one side to watch. Way down on the street the tar was being boiled in a huge kettle. The men on the roof hooked a pail on the end of a long, long rope and let it down quickly to the men on the street. They filled the pail with the hot tar and up it went. There the men spread it rapidly, before it had a chance to cool.

Work progressed rapidly. Empty pails went shooting down and hot tar came slowly up. Once, just as the pail reached the ledge, it toppled over and went crashing down. The children cried out, "Somebody will be killed."

"Keep your shirts on," the man called back. "It got stuck on the fire escape. Lucky no one was passing by."

But the pail of hot, hot tar had stuck on the flower box. The terrific heat withered one of the plants right up. How the other escaped was a miracle. The clatter of the pail brought Mrs. Martin to the window in a rush.

Poor Carol, she thought, as she pulled the box toward her. Then she went quickly to work removing the withered plant and salvaging as much of the untouched earth as possible.

Three happy children trooped in by and by, full of excitement and talk about repairing a roof. Three sad children viewed the remaining plant in the box garden with heavy hearts.

Carol just stood and stared. She kept thinking, "It's not fair. It's not fair. And why did it have to be the pretty one!"

Mother said, in a quiet voice, "We'll get a bigger box and new earth and transplant the remaining flower. That will give it a fresh start, and I'm sure, dear, it will be just about the loveliest plant of any."

It was. It grew and grew. They had to transplant it again, this time in a butter tub, and still it grew. It got taller every time you looked at it. By June it was almost four feet high. Its main stem was as thick as a young tree, and it was full of leaves, spreading in every direction. At first they were a deep purple color, but gradually they changed, till they became bright green. The leaves were like seven-pointed stars, and they measured almost a foot across.

"Heavenly day," said Mrs. Donnelly, leaning out of her window and speaking up to Carol. "It's a tree you're growing, no doubt, and a lovely one, too. It's lucky you are to be



"Heavenly day, it's a tree you're growing," she shouted

living on the top floor. Now me, what would I do when it started to reach Mrs. Mellony's fire escape?" She roared with laughter, and everybody leaning out of their windows roared, too.

Stephen insisted it was a tropical plant. "It has all the characteristics and it certainly is a freak of nature to be growing here in the temperate zone. I'd say it was some sort of palm."

It was a lovely thing to see and a fine thing to own. It was pushed out onto the far corner of the fire escape where it reached up above the railing, spreading itself in all directions. They all called it "the tree," and it was the topic of conversation at all times, even in school. The talk inspired the nature teacher to start a plant show.

"We'll bring all our plants to school on Monday, to the auditorium. The boys in Shop will make long tables, and the girls in Interior Decorating will arrange the exhibits. We want only plants that have been grown by you boys and girls. We'll invite parents and have judges and vote for the best plants."

All day long the hammers went knock, knock, knock, as the boys made tables. And all day long the girls dashed back and forth from room to room gathering together materials to be used as decorations. And what a show it turned out to be! There were plants in pots and cans and jars and boxes, some painted and some draped with crepe paper, and some even covered with velvet. The reception committee, and that included Carol, all wore white, with blue shiny ribbons from shoulder to hip, with the words "Committee" on them. The boys handed out the ballots so that each person could vote for a prize entry and second choice.

Carol and Stephen and Janey kept an eagle eye on their plant. It stood on the floor to the right of the entrance way, beautiful and tall and green.

"Majestic-looking," was Stephen's comment.

"The most super-maligorgorgeous tree in the world," said Janey.

Carol just beamed.

Then the ballots were collected and turned over to the judges' committee. When the chairman ascended the platform, you could hear a pin drop.

He raised his hand, cleared his throat, then said: "Ladies and gentlemen. I've been to many shows in my long life, but I can honestly say I've never seen one as exciting as this. It is wonderful to think of so many green things growing on window sills and fire escapes in such a crowded part of the city. Anyone can grow things in country gardens, where there is plenty of sunshine and lots of room for expansion. But city growing is different, and that's why I am proud to be a judge at this show. But you don't want to hear a speech. You want the results of the ballots."

Everyone clapped loudly at that, and someone called out, "What's the bad news?"

"Well," he said, "it is my great pleasure to announce the winner—number ten. Will the grower of number ten please come up to the platform?"

For a moment there was no sound. Then Janey cried, "Yippee, that's us."

Mrs. Martin reached over and patted Carol's hand.

"Go up, dear. That's you he's wanting."

Carol hesitated. Then she grabbed Janey by one hand and Stephen by the other and dragged them with her up to the platform.

The chairman held up his hand for silence.

"I shouldn't be surprised that such a plant has three growers. It's the biggest plant in

the show. It's the loveliest to look at, so decorative, and it certainly is the most useful."

At that, the three looked inquiringly at one another—useful? They had never thought of it as useful, except Janey, who called the leaves fairy umbrellas.

"Yes," the speaker continued, "I'm particularly happy to see such a plant because the government is interested in its growth. The oil that is extracted from the bean is very valuable commercially and medicinally. We used to get most of our supply from South America, but now Uncle Sam is hoping that more and more farmers will grow it right here. You and I are apt to turn up our noses at the very thought of castor oil, but—"

Stephen couldn't believe his ears—castor oil? Carol stood there crestfallen, still not believing what she heard. Only Janey continued to beam on everyone.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "the castor bean is as important in our present war effort as plants that are grown for food. Castor oil is nasty-tasting stuff, I agree, but think of it in terms of oil for airplanes, and then you'll feel quite differently."

"I am honored, therefore," the speaker went on, "to award the first prize to this lovely castor bean plant."

Amid wild applause he held up a silver loving cup. Janey and Stephen pushed Carol forward to receive it.

"Read the inscription," urged the chairman.

In a small, but sure voice, Carol read: "Awarded first prize, for the finest grown plant in the First Annual Plant Show of P.S. #2."

Then the other prizes were awarded. Once again everyone milled about looking at the plants and there was open admiration for the castor bean. Mrs. Donnelly stood there, shaking her head.

"Now who would ever guess *that* stuff comes from such a tree? All the time we were guessing it was a pretty thing, it was going on growing castor oil. Just shows you can't judge by appearances."

When Janey and Carol and Stephen managed to get clear of the crowd, they huddled in a corner of the room and laughed and laughed. Janey pointed at Stephen.

"Your tropical plant," she said, hardly able to speak.

"Fairy umbrellas," Stephen choked back.

"Vegetables," Janey retorted.

Carol pointed at both of them and said, merely, "Castor oil," which set them off in

(Concluded on page 136)



Our men in the services have adopted some unusual mascots. The picture of a fairy tern on the end of a tommy gun was taken on Midway Island. Fairy terns make no nests, just lay eggs on bare branches



One of the most appropriate mascots of all is the armadillo prized by the 69th Armored Regiment, Company E (above, right). Division insignia is carefully painted on the mascot's "armor plating"

They're in the Army Now



At left, Abdullah, three-month-old Arabian donkey adopted by a B-25 Mitchell Bomber Squadron somewhere in North Africa. Abdullah's eyes are carefully protected against sand storms by goggles

At right, Kudabu, baby chimpanzee who attached herself to U. S. Engineers stationed in Liberia. Kudabu has her own Army cot and gets rather special treatment as to rations

U. S. paratroopers all over the world have taken great pride in their jumping dogs, and the famous duck of the Marines, Siwash, is said to have whipped a Japanese rooster. For a picture of Siwash, see LIFE, January 17, 1944

At left, below, an underground radio shack somewhere in the South Pacific where Oscar, a pet wallaby, keeps one of our sergeants company. Wallabies are small kangaroos



THREE PHOTOS AT LEFT, INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

THREE PHOTOS AT RIGHT, COURTESY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

At right, below, U. S. jungle troopers in a remote Caribbean outpost tame a tiny wild deer. They call it "MacArthur"





China Goes to the Movies

EVELYN STRONG

This symbol of Gung Ho means "Work Together," and with this in mind the Chinese movies help get people behind the war effort

PHOTOGRAPHS, PAUL GUILLUMETTE, INC.

IN CHINA it is often impossible for people to go to the movies, so the movies have to come to them. Big trucks load up films and equipment and the crew to service it, and away they go. There are a captain, two projectionists, two men for the electric generator, four general assistants and a truck driver. Their territory is mapped out for them by the authorities in charge of the distribution of films.

Such traveling cinemas may go anywhere. Some go to the very front lines and give shows for the soldiers. Sometimes they steal by night into villages occupied by the Japanese. Often they come to hospital compounds to cheer the wounded.

One mobile unit traveled into the heart of Mongolia three hundred miles from Chungking. People there had never heard of a moving picture, much less seen one. At first they thought devils were at work and fled in a panic, but after a while they were persuaded to return and see the picture through. And soon these Mongolians, leading the life of centuries ago, became enthusiastic movie fans.

Occasionally barges instead of trucks are used, and the movies go by water along China's great rivers. This has always been a favorite method of travel and transportation in China, which has few roads.

The movie trucks have had to face many difficulties. There's very little gas in China, and that is mostly needed for war, so substitutes must be used. Vegetable oils of various kinds and charcoal oil do duty instead of gasoline. Frequently, even these are unobtainable. Then the trucks are hauled by donkeys or by camels. Nothing stops these traveling movies on their appointed way. They may be late, but they get there somehow, sometime. More than five million people have seen these films since they started in 1938.

Word is passed from mouth to mouth that the "electric shadows" are coming. Then whole families arrive, pattering tirelessly on

bare feet, or straw sandals, along dusty roads, over stony mountain trails. Sometimes they walk all night. Patient, blue-coated figures they are, with mother bent under the weight of a fat baby, little children toddling along trying to keep step, and grandmother and grandfather leaning on the shoulder of a son or daughter.

They stand in crowds or squat on their heels to watch the show that takes place in an open field beside the truck. Pictures are run off very slowly so as to give people unused to seeing them time to grasp what they are all about. The Mandarin dialect is always employed, and there's a narrator in addition to the spoken words and written captions. In that way, people can correct their own pronunciations.

The films nowadays are almost all propaganda urging resistance to the Japanese; or they are educational. For example, "Out of the Fire" shows the life of workers in defense plants; "Devil's Paradise" is a thriller built around the Free China underground movement in Shanghai; "Light of East Asia" and "Fatherland" deal directly with the war.

One of the favorites is "Storm Over the Border." This was made in remote Manchuria and took a year to complete, because the journey out there and back required three months each way. It has a cast of forty, headed by Lily Lee, one of China's best stars.

Educational films show the prevention of malaria, care of the eyes, war orphans, refugees at work. One of the latest pictures released is a life of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Chinese George Washington. This may be shown here in the United States.

Many industries have been filmed, such as the silk and cotton industries and the culture and preparation of tea for the market. A few very beautiful geographical films have been made to acquaint stay-at-homes with the beauties of their enormous country.

Before the film industry went all out for war the pictures were of different content. Most popular were historical films with gorgeous costumes. They were often made on the very spot where the events happened. Then there was a series called the "Adventures of Feng and Ling," played by two come-

dians known as the "Laurel and Hardy of China." Feng, the fat jolly one, was a cook; Ling, his friend, thin and gloomy, was a ricksha coolie.

One of their comic strips was called "Feng and Ling on an Armored Cruiser." It showed the absurd pair as prisoners aboard a Japanese man-of-war. Very soon the Japanese regretted they had not let this precious pair escape, for they managed to create indescribable confusion on the cruiser. They stuffed coal into the muzzles of the big guns, put machinery out of order and tripped up the crew.

Suddenly the big guns spoke—Feng and Ling were at work on them—and the cruiser began to bombard her sister ships. These replied, thinking the cruiser was a camouflaged Chinese vessel. In a few moments there was a big naval battle, ending in the destruction of the entire Japanese fleet. And Feng and Ling were clinging to a bit of wreckage on the sea, where the last dreadnought was sinking.

"A ship! A ship!" they bawled, as they saw another cruiser approaching. "Help! Help!" A boat was lowered. "Who are you?" shouted the Captain. "Feng and Ling," they answered.

The Commander replied by ordering full steam ahead, while Feng and Ling were left floating on their pieces of wreckage, all ready for a new comic strip showing more absurd adventures. The Feng and Ling series ran to capacity audiences in Shanghai movie houses during the early days of the war, while guns roared outside.

In those days China's "Hollywood" was located in the International Settlement, Shanghai, and made about twenty-four pictures a year. One of the companies, the Star, had under contract China's most glamorous film actress, Butterfly Wu, the Loretta Young of China. She started in films as an extra at a dollar a day. Since then, she has had a very colorful career.

Recently, Butterfly Wu and her husband, Eugene Penn, escaped from the Japanese at Hong Kong. Miss Wu was dressed as a peas-

ant in old rags. Her face was made up to be wrinkled and ugly. Untidy locks of hair straggled over a countenance that none of her fans would ever have recognized. With her were some beggar children, but sewn into her quilted garments was a fortune in jewels.

When she was stopped by the Japanese patrol, Miss Wu put on the best act of her career. She had to—her life depended on it. The sentry believed her sad story that she and her children were starving. He let them through. After Butterfly Wu, shuffled another insignificant beggar with a couple of tattered bundles. It was her husband, and the bundles contained Butterfly's make-up kit and her best costumes.

No one outside of China can imagine what it means to make movies there under present conditions. All film has to come from the United States, so every inch is precious and there are no retakes.

Hardly any civilian goods can come in now that the Burma Road is closed. Any imports must be given over to munitions of war, so the film industry has to contend with a long priorities list.

Camera and sound equipment, as well as projectors, all come from America. If any of these are lost or damaged, they cannot be replaced. A few spare parts for movie equipment are made in China, but these are only incidental, with the country's whole production geared to war. That is why no pictures purely for entertainment are being produced. All movies must serve a purpose, whether of propaganda or education.

When China's industries fled inland before the Japanese, who held the ports and coastal cities, the film industry went along. It was transported in boats up the river to Chungking. When the Yangtze was high, rapids boiled, and when it was low there was not water enough to float the heavily laden barges.

Straining coolies on shore pulled the barges along by ropes. With them, pulling and tugging, too, were the film actors. Mei



This still from "Victory Symphony" shows a Chinese soldier preparing to hold a line single-handed against the enemy



A still from "Devil's Paradise" shows Chinese refugee children raising the national flag

H'si, China's Clark Gable, was there. His muscles bulged as he pulled at the ropes, but he found time to flash a smile and a joke at the coolies. Actors and equipment all arrived safely at their destination.

At Chungking, the much bombed city, the film industry's troubles began in earnest.

Like everyone else, the workers had to take to underground shelters during air raids. Down thirty feet below the surface, was the studio. There actors studied parts, made up and rehearsed. Directors went over scripts, and the ordinary life of a motion picture studio in full production continued, while enemy planes roared and bombed overhead.

Actual "shooting" of scenes went on outdoors and above ground in the intervals between raids. When the siren sounded, everyone fled for shelter with the precious equipment. It was the director's and the company's greatest fear that their projector, cameras, or scenery would be destroyed by bombing. Everything which was not too bulky was lugged inside the shelter.

Japanese prisoners of war acted in the "Light of East Asia," which was filmed at Chungking during almost continual air raids. One day, when the siren had sounded and they were all safely inside the shelter, it was found that the amplifier had been left outside. This was a very serious matter, as it was the only one the company had.

"Who will go out and get the amplifier?" the director asked. "It may mean death. I won't order anyone, or even ask anyone to go."

Almost before he had finished speaking, one of the Japanese prisoners was on his feet. "I will go," he said.

He dashed through the tunnel and outside. But he never came back. As he put out his hand to seize the amplifier, the bomb struck.

The amplifier was blown to bits—and it was the only one! Then a clever mechanic made another from the parts of a 7-tube, direct current radio receiver, and the taking of the picture went on.

Less heroic, but more trying, was the water famine in Chungking when the pipes were all destroyed by air raids. Every drop of water used in the studio had to be carried up from the river down at the foot of the high cliffs.



China's lovely actress, Miss Lily Lee, in "Storm Over the Border." This movie was filmed in Inner Mongolia to get a real background for the picture

Coolies could not be spared from more important work, so everyone in the company pitched in. Director, stars, extras, all grabbed buckets and ran up and down between river and studio. They even made a joke of it, laughed, sang, bet who would carry the most buckets in the least time.

Tales of heroism, of privation bravely borne by great and small in the film industry, could be multiplied indefinitely. They are all part and parcel of the new spirit of China, that will never bend to the will of Japan.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

We have on hand some extra copies of the Junior Red Cross News for March, September, October and December, 1943. They are for sale as long as they last for ten cents each. Address American Junior Red Cross, National Headquarters, American Red Cross, Washington 13, D. C.

Amber Treasure

WINIFRED HEATH

LONG BEFORE any human foot trod the silent, shady ways, there were mighty forests on our earth. Here the towering redwoods or giant sequoias did not top the rest of the trees, but magnificent pines rose beside them, larger than any we know now. Here were immense cedars, massive cypresses, great firs and other members of the earth's first tree family, the conifers, or cone-bearers.

Strange animals walked the world in those days—the giant dinosaurs, or terrible lizards, as the Greeks called them. There were also many insects, some much larger than any we know now. The first cockroach was a giant several times the size of his humble descendant; and there was a splendid dragonfly whose wings measured two feet across. The forests and lonely lands in which these creatures and insects lived were here millions of years ago—no one knows just how long, for the age of our earth is almost beyond man's counting.

We know about these forests and these creatures because Nature left the bones of some of those mighty animals in the folds of the earth, where they turned to stone. She left the print of a dinosaur foot and the outline of the first bird, the strange, toothed *archaeopteryx*, which is Greek for "ancient wings." And she also left us some actual specimens of more fragile things, such as leaves, flowers, twigs, cones, little winged insects, ants, mites, even the aphid cows of the ants, and a host of others—some of them long since gone from the earth. For like our own much smaller trees, the great conifers of prehistoric times had a sticky, resinous sap which seeped out on the bark.

Only it did not come in small lumps as it does on our trees, but in great masses. There must have been "resin rushes" in those great forests when adventuring insects were caught in the sweet sap with its fragrant odor. The sticky stream must also have caught leaves, twigs, cones, even blossoms as it flowed down.

Very neatly and deftly they were folded in and kept for countless centuries, looking just as they did on that long-ago summer morning.

Just how could a piece of resin last for centuries? Well, our earth has had some mighty upheavals and shakings. Mountains were toppled down, great glaciers swept across the world, oceans rolled where continents had been. During such disturbances, many great forests were swept down to the sea or buried under the piled-up earth and rocks. But the resin of those ancient trees hardened and neither dissolved in the sea water nor crumbled into dust. Later it was dug up and given many names, the best known being amber, which is of Arabian origin.

And from the amber we have learned many things about the plants and insects which lived on the earth before we got here. From the various leaves found together we know that trees now far apart lived happily together—the pine and the camphor tree, the fir and the lovely magnolia. From certain pieces of amber found in northern Greenland we know that once upon a time the giant sequoia lived there when Greenland was not a place of ice and snow but a tropical island.

The caddis flies which were caught in an amber flood have told us that these vast prehistoric forest lands were also mountainous. For most of these fossil insects are large, the kind that like turbulent mountain streams, while the smaller caddis fly likes quiet waters in the lowlands.

Even the men of the New Stone Age knew of amber, for it has been found among the heaps of flint weapons and rough pottery which they

left. It was also known to ancient China, Assyria, Egypt, and in fact most parts of the Old World, and especially along the Mediterranean Sea. The energetic Phoenicians, who were the best seamen of their day, carried on a big amber trade. These people lived on a narrow strip of land on the Syrian coast, backed



"ANCIENT ANIMALS," BY W. W. AND IRENE ROBINSON, MACMILLAN
Strange animals walked the earth

by the mighty mountains of Lebanon, whose cedar wood they shipped to King Solomon for his great temple at Jerusalem.

The Phoenicians no doubt knew of the beautiful amber, loveliest of all, which is to be found in the island of Sicily at the toe of Italy. No other amber glows with such wonderful colors—pale rose, ruby red, the softest of blues, the deepest of crimsons.

The Greeks regarded amber as a sacred stone. Some of them believed it was a direct gift of the Sun God, Helios, and had been made from the sun's rays. Others thought it was hardened honey. But the great Greek, Aristotle, and a few others rightly guessed that it was the hardened resin of some tree. It was Thales, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, who first discovered that when amber was rubbed it attracted other things to itself. That was man's first hint of electricity. The Greeks called amber *elektron*, from which we get our word electricity.

For centuries amber was extremely popular in Europe, and all kinds of articles were made from it—elegant smelling bottles of amber with filigree work of silver and gold; beautiful vases inlaid with enamel; mirrors and frames. There were special Guilds of Amber Carvers whose members did some very lovely work.

Peter the Great, Czar of Russia in the seventeenth century, received a very costly gift from the Emperor Frederick William of Prussia in return for the loan of an army during one of Prussia's wars. Frederick sent over an army of amber carvers, and for twenty years they worked at the Russian capital, building an amber room for the imperial ruler of all Russia. Panels, walls and ceiling were all of amber. One wonders now what use that amber room in a palace close to Leningrad is serving.

Most of the world's amber has come from the coast on the Samland Peninsula in east-

ern Prussia. For thousands of years amber has been picked up along those bleak and chilly shores, and the mines in the cliffs along the strand have been worked for at least three hundred years. The amber is found in what is called "blue earth" in the cliffs and fifty miles out beyond the shore. It is likely that at one time a great forest extended over this whole region.

There are scoopers of amber who go out, usually in winter when the rolling waves tear the amber deposits loose, carrying with them long poles tipped with nets. There are amber riders who go out in boats and carry divers along.

Once this dangerous and difficult business brought huge fortunes to the amber barons of the great capital of eastern Prussia, Koenigsberg. They made it a crime for anyone else to walk off with the smallest lumps. In 1554, a great university was built at Koenigsberg. It was known as the Albertine, and there they have today a wonderful collection of amber articles, including two thousand insect pieces. Closer at hand, we have the William Arnold Buffum Collection of Amber at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Here you can see rough and polished specimens, some of them with small flies embedded in them, and some set in jewelry. Here, too, is a splendid piece of Sicilian amber, a warm, garnet red. There are Turkish pipes with mouth-pieces of amber, and cigarette holders. There are amber chessboards with amber men, snuff boxes, jewel boxes and other articles.

Beyond numbering are the gifts which the trees have made to men, and not the least of them is this treasure chest filled with wonders—the sunstone from which so many lovely things have been fashioned. And don't forget that it was the magic *elektron* which first whispered to the listening Greek of that mighty force which also dwelt upon the earth, electricity.

Surprise Victory Garden

(Continued from page 130)

another burst of laughter.

Then the show was over. All the exhibitors departed with their plants. Stephen's friends helped to carry the castor bean in a triumphant procession. Janey and Carol went first, taking turns holding the cup. The boys, bearing the plant on an improvised platform, came next. Bringing up the rear were Mrs. Donnelly and Mrs. Martin.

As for Carol, she just thought, "Next year we'll plant lots of castor beans. We'll give them to all the neighbors and have them on every fire escape. Whether we raise castor oil or not, at least we'll have wonderful prize plants growing all around us. My, won't our yard be cheerful with all that greenery everywhere?" The idea made her so happy, she laughed out loud. "Stephen wasn't so wrong after all, about its being a Victory Garden!"



LIFE MAGAZINE

This Chinese-American boy is flying a kite like those the Chinese make to fly on "Kites' Day"

Kite Time

NANCY BYRD TURNER

It's time to play with kites again;
The wind is whistling by:
On long, long strings, as if on wings,
They'll hurry up the sky,—
The yellow and the blue-and-white.
We'll stand and watch them out of sight.

And one we'll call a golden hawk,
And one a silver crane;
And up and up, and high and high,
They'll mount with might and main;
And when we wish our wild birds home,
We'll give the sign, and down they'll come,
Dipping to earth again.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand Years

When the Typhoon Blows

ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS

John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, \$2.00

LI SAN-DJIU-TZ (pronounce it lē sān-jōōdz) lived in a fishing village by the sea. At the beginning of this exciting story, San-djiu, as he was called for short, was fifteen and living with his old grandfather without an idea of all the changes and adventures that lay ahead of him. He and his grandfather worked their tiny garden and caught fish, which San-djiu sold at the fort near their hut.

Then one day, the Japanese bombers came. The Lis' hut was demolished, and the old grandfather was severely wounded. San-djiu managed to drag him into a sea cave, where an officer from the ruined fort had also taken refuge. For this officer, San-djiu undertook some very dangerous but successful spy work. Then, seeing that it would be unsafe to try to stay on near the coast, the boy started inland hoping to get work on a farm so as to support himself and his grandfather. But the Japanese came there, too. So the boy and the ailing old man pushed on westward. They arrived at a mission hospital, where the American doctor in charge and Hu Ih-hseng, the Chinese staff physician, befriended them.

During the months of his wanderings San-djiu learned to love China. He came upon men patiently carrying machinery from factories in the danger zone for hundreds of miles to be set up and turn out the sinews of war in China's west. He learned about how the Burma Road, China's life line for the transport of supplies, had been built almost with the bare hands of thousands of Chinese patriots. He worked for a while with a band of guerrillas. He tracked down a marvelously cunning spy.

Five years after he left the ruined fishing village, San-djiu, grown to a stalwart man, makes his decision as to how he can best serve his country. This is the way the story ends:

"The sun was climbing swiftly above the horizon, which meant more bombings today. Surely sometime the night of war would pass and dawn once more bring peace to this tormented land! Li stood for a moment longer in the radiant light. 'Chung Kuo wan wan sui!' he whispered; then again more firmly and hopefully, 'Chung Kuo wan wan sui!' With head up and shoulders lifted, he turned and moved toward his quarters in the hospital."

The words he had repeated mean "China ten thousand times ten thousand years" and they are the fighting cry of China's soldiers when they go into battle.—E. McB. B.

Shepherds and Cowboys

WRITING FROM the sheep country of South Dakota, members in the Washington School at Belle Fourche told correspondents in Chile about sheepherding in their region. Belle Fourche is French for "Beautiful Fork," and is a name for the north fork of the Cheyenne River.

Belle Fourche, South Dakota, is one of the largest wool-shipping centers in the United States. Millions of sheep are raised every year and sheared in the spring.

The lambs are born out on the big sheep ranches north and northeast of here. Lambing usually is in April. A special crew of men is on duty during this time. There is always a night man, too, to look after the sheep and lambs while the other men sleep. If the weather is cold, snowy or rainy, the men put jackets on the lambs. These are left on until docking time. Also tepees are put up in bad weather, one tepee for each ewe and lamb. If a ewe dies or has no milk for her baby, the lamb is either killed or raised on a bottle with a nipple. It gets very tame then and is called a "bum lamb." When these "bums" are grown, they are often used as leaders when moving a flock of sheep.

The sheep are cared for by a herder. He has to be with them all the time, so his home is a sheep wagon. There is always a camp tender who brings food to him. The herder who is married is not quite so lonely because his wife lives with him. The wagon has a stove, table, bed, cupboard and other comforts. Most herders have radios in their wagons. The prairie is rolling and nearly treeless.

Many dams have been built for water for the stock. There are some rivers and creeks, too. A sheepherder always has at least one dog and a saddle horse. Along rivers, the grass is good. In many places, however, there is lots of cactus.

If there has been enough grass all summer from sufficient rainfall so the prairies are not bare by fall, there is winter grazing. If, however, the snow gets too deep, hay must be hauled to the stock. Usually it is just the ewes that are left on the ranches and perhaps a buck herd. The lambs are sold to feeders, that is the wether lambs are. Some of the feeders are men who live here in the Belle

Fourche River Valley in South Dakota. Some lambs are shipped to feeders in eastern states, such as Iowa, where much corn and hay are grown.

The feeders put the lambs in pens in feed lots in the fall, usually in October. Here they are fed barley and corn, ensilage, hay (ground or whole), and beet pulp that is brought from the sugar-beet factory in Belle-Fourche. The grain is increased as the lambs grow. As they get fat, men from the packing houses of towns such as Huron, South Dakota, and Sioux City, Iowa, come and mark out (with chalk) the fat ones, and then they are shipped by rail or truck to the packing houses.

Each single feeder usually feeds thousands of lambs. People who raise beets here have a few, too, and feed the beet tops to them.

The pens are cleaned during the summer, and the manure is put on the farm land as fertilizer. The lambs are all sold by May.

Plainview School is at Kanarado, on the border between Colorado and Kansas. It is in Kit Carson County, Colorado. Plainview sent an album to a school in South Africa telling about cowboys:

We are sending you an album of the cowboy's life in the western United States. The cowboy is a man who rides a horse and herds cattle. The cowboy uses a saddle on his horse for easy riding. He uses the bridle to keep his horse from running away and to guide his horse. The big hat he wears is to protect his face from the sun. The spurs are used to tickle the horse in the side so that he will go faster.

The cowboy wears leather chaps to protect his clothes from the weather. He wears boots with high heels to keep his feet from slipping through the stirrups on the saddle. The cowboys once carried guns for protection, but this is no longer done because we have such good laws.

The chuck wagon is used to carry the food of the cowboys when they camp out on the range. It contains food for many months. It is pulled by horses.

The cowboys have many different jobs to do. They watch the cattle so that they do not stray off the range. They have to count them frequently to see that they are all there. They vaccinate the cattle to prevent certain dis-

eases, such as black leg. They brand the sides of the cattle with red-hot irons to make certain marks on them. This is done so that a man can tell his cattle from his neighbor's.

The cowboys also have to dehorn the cattle. Dehorning is a method of cutting the horns off of cattle. This is done to keep the cattle from fighting and hurting one another. Dehorning is done with saws or dehorning clippers. The animal is simply thrown down with the aid of ropes, and then his horns are sawed off. It does not hurt the animal very much.

Most of the cattle on the range are Hereford cattle. They are very red with white faces. They are good for milk and meat.

In the summertime the cattle live on ranges which are acres and acres of grass. In the wintertime the cattle are brought home and fed hay and various kinds of grain. However, if there is still good grass near by, they may spend the winter on it.

The cowboys often entertain people at celebrations called rodeos. It is then that the cowboys show the people how well they can ride wild horses, cattle and other animals. They also show how skillfully they can throw a rope and throw and tie cattle. Sometimes they have races with horses. It is very exciting to watch the cowboys because many of the things which they do are dangerous.

My Dad's Story

PEARL STEINBERG.

P.S. 89, The Bronx, New York



In this war as in the last one, dogs are being trained to find and help wounded soldiers

DURING THE LAST world war my father lived in Roumania. As he was too young to be taken as a soldier, he was sent as a trench digger to the front line.

One day as he and a friend of his were digging, there was a surprise attack by the Germans. The soldiers were so surprised that they retreated in disorder. My father and his friend ran for their lives. While running, my father's friend was struck in the heart with a bullet. He died in my father's arms.

My father did not stay longer, for he knew if he did it would mean his life also. He did not even have enough time to bury his friend. All of a sudden Father felt a sting and blood trickling down his leg. He looked and found it was caused by a bullet. He kept running until his foot was numb from loss of blood. He sat down behind some bushes, ripped off his shirt and made a bandage to try to stop the bleeding. As he was exhausted from running and loss of blood, he soon fell asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by the barking of a Red Cross dog. Around the neck of the dog was a canteen of coffee. As soon as my father removed the canteen, the dog ran away. After what seemed like ages to him, the dog returned, and following him was an ambulance. My father was taken to a field hospital.

In the hospital he was examined by a lieutenant doctor who said it was necessary to amputate his leg. Preparations were made for the operation. Just about an hour before the operation was to take place a transport of wounded men arrived. Most of them were wounded worse than my father, so they did not pay attention to him for a long time. Afterwards another doctor examined him and said it wasn't necessary to amputate his leg, after all.

My father still has that bullet wound and every time he shows it to us he tells us that story.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOL. 25

MARCH, 1944

NO. 6

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

You and the War Fund

PROBABLY every member of the American Junior Red Cross has some friend or relative in the armed forces. The American Red Cross has representatives all over the United States and around the earth who are doing things for them. This is a very big job, and so the Red Cross is asking the people of the United States to contribute \$200,000,000 during March so that it can do it.

Some of the money that is raised will be used by your own local Red Cross Chapter to carry on its own special services. Some will be used for other services of the American Red Cross to the people of the country. But most of it will be used to serve our armed forces in one way or another. Many members of the Junior Red Cross will want to contribute as individuals to this Red Cross War Fund. The Red Cross does not approve of making "drives" for money in the schools. No quotas will be set for Junior Red Cross contributions. No Junior Red Cross group will be allowed to contribute money from its regular Service Fund to this special Red Cross War Fund.

And Junior Red Cross members must not solicit funds from others for the Red Cross War Fund.

But there are many ways, besides contributing money, in which the school members of the American Red Cross can help with the local Chapter's extra hard work during this month. Some of the ways are mentioned in the Ideas on the March on page 142. You can help with radio programs and musical

events. You can make speeches about the work of the Red Cross and of the Junior Red Cross. You can help set up window displays and appear in tableaux. And you can tell your own families about what the Red Cross does. And remember to tell them that because you are members, you have opportunities to do all kinds of things not only for our armed forces but for some of war's victims in countries less fortunate than ours.

Notes on This Number

THIS MONTH'S COVER is a finger painting by Tom Slade of Landon High School, Jacksonville, Florida. Some of the school correspondence albums and booklets that pass through the National Headquarters office on their way to schools in other countries have interesting finger painting covers. An album prepared by members in the San Luis Rey, California, School had such a cover, an all-over design in dark maroon on heavy brown paper. Inside was this recipe for finger plastic paint:

- ½ package laundry starch (1½ cups)
- 1 quart boiling water
- ½ cup soap flakes
- ½ teaspoon calcimine paint

Dissolve starch in small quantity of cold water. Then add boiling water and soap flakes. Put mixture in small screw-top jars. Add ½ teaspoon of desired color to each jar. Stir until color is dissolved.

Our search for illustrations for the Chinese movie article brought us a pleasant visit from Mr. T. Y. Lo, of Chungking, vice-president of the China Motion Film Corporation. His wife is Lily Lee, the famous Chinese film star.

Correspondence Quiz

MORE and more now, Junior Red Cross members are including questions in their international school correspondence albums. An album which has just come from a school in Santiago, Chile, has nineteen answers to as many questions of fellow-members in School #11, Clifton, New Jersey: "Our favorite sport is basketball." "In summer we like to swim and to walk in the woods. We swim in a pool near our school." "We especially study American countries, and we remember the rules of continental brotherhood." "Our President is elected by all the people by an impersonal and free vote." "War has brought a rise in price for everything; a scarcity or absolute lack of some things."



Above, the Red Cross teaches soldiers how to keep afloat by using uniforms as buoys



Red Cross blood plasma collections save many wounded men. Above, transfusion in New Guinea



The Red Cross Helps--

PHOTOS BY AGNELLI, HARRY
POAGUE, ELWOOD JOHNSON

At left, Red Cross hospital worker helps patient in a U. S. Naval Hospital make a model plane

THIS IS Red Cross War Fund Month.

The more people know about the work of the Red Cross, the more they wish to support the work.

Because you are a member of the American Junior Red Cross, people may ask you what your Red Cross does. Here are some of the things you could tell them: The Red Cross

1. Collects blood for plasma to save soldiers' lives.
2. Recruits nurses for service in the Army and Navy.
3. Makes surgical dressings for our armed forces.
4. Packs and ships food packages to prisoners of war.
5. Cheers and comforts the sick and wounded in hospitals.
6. Provides good times and home comforts for soldiers overseas.
7. Helps disabled soldiers fill out their pension papers.
8. Helps tired-out flyers forget the war for a while at rest homes.
9. Helps the families of soldiers when they need money or medical care or are in any kind of trouble.
10. Gives to servicemen sweaters, and kit bags containing little personal articles like

combs, razors, cigarettes, candy, and so on.

11. Provides movies, shows, dances and other fun for soldiers recovering their health in hospitals.

12. Carries music and movies and doughnuts and coffee to small faraway Army posts and flying fields overseas.

13. Helps the far-from-home soldier settle home troubles that worry him, and other personal troubles, too.

14. Lends a United States soldier money to get home in case of real need.

15. Learns about the health and well-being of relatives and friends of Americans in enemy-occupied countries.

16. Delivers Christmas gifts to soldiers in hospitals and in battle lines.

17. Teaches mothers and others to care for their sick loved ones.

18. Teaches first aid and water safety to Army and Navy instructors, and to other men and women, and boys and girls.

19. Teaches Nurse's Aides to help nurses care for the sick in hospitals.

20. Provides many comfort articles especially for men in Army and Navy hospitals.

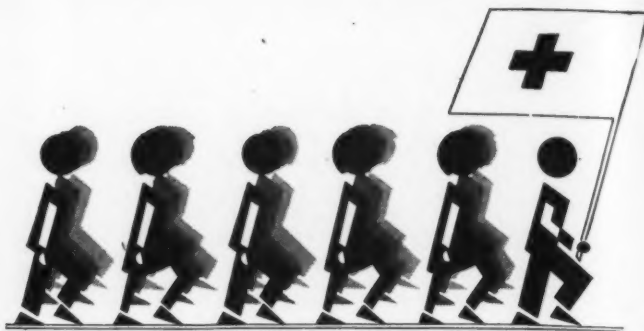
21. Furnishes homelike dayrooms in camps and sunrooms in hospitals.

22. Sends shiploads of clothing and medicines and other things for babies, children and men and women of United Nations made homeless by war.

23. Feeds and cares for men, women and children who have been driven from their homes by floods, fires or storms.

24. Offers 17,000,000 Junior Red Cross members a share in its important work.

Ideas on the March



ALL EYES were on J. R. C. members of St. Croix, Virgin Islands, as schools from one end of the island to the other turned out in parade during the American Red Cross War Fund drive. Christiansted members planned a striking float, and a first aid unit carrying lifelike dummies on stretchers attracted lots of attention. Frederiksted Junior High School designed a float which made clear the universal responsibility of the Red Cross in wartime. Featured was the wreckage of what once had been a home. In the ruins sat a small child, protected by an older girl dressed in Red Cross uniform. Immediately behind the float marched members carrying flags of each of the United Nations.

As their part in helping to make the Red Cross War Fund go over the top, members of Union County, Kentucky, Chapter made posters featuring Junior Red Cross services to the armed forces. One of these, designed by Spring Grove School, pictured a soldier blowing a bugle. Lettered in were the words, "The Call Is Clear. Give to —," and here the Red Cross symbol was printed. Another poster had at the left a picture of a home; at the right, a soldier. The Red Cross symbol appeared at the top of the poster with these words: "His Connection With Home: Won't You Help Give Him That?" Tiny red crosses ran to make a connecting link from the center cross to home and soldier.

Junior Red Cross members at Abraham Lincoln School, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, gave money from sale of their handicrafts to the War Fund

And of course that is what the Red Cross Home Service does—it serves as a connecting link between the serviceman away at camp or overseas and his family at home.

Ashland, Massachusetts, members addressed envelopes to help in the Chapter's War Fund drive. In Watertown, New York, sixty Junior Red Cross members presented a musical program for senior War Fund workers. In Dallas, Texas, the window at the Chapter's War Fund office was filled with articles of all kinds made by J. R. C. members.



JUNIOR RED CROSS members are not permitted to ask for contributions to the Red Cross War Fund, but many will want to give money they have earned for this special purpose. Of course contributions to the Red Cross War Fund must not be made from J. R. C. Service Funds which are drawn upon only to finance local, national and international programs of the J. R. C.



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

Wyandotte, Michigan, members held a white elephant and auction sale; some even turned "pants presser" for members of their families, to earn their own individual gifts.

Bronxville Branch of the Westchester County, New York, Chapter adopted the idea of one of their J. R. C. Council members and arranged a "What Have You Shop." Everyone brought some plaything outgrown, though still almost new, and sold it to someone who wanted it. One member wrote: "Some classes made things to eat like popcorn and gingerbread boys, which sold very quickly. When the stock got low, we gave a 'What Have You Show.' Each class did something to entertain. Admission was a toy. Then we had a big closing sale and sold out. The shop made \$96 for the War Fund."



STATIONED out in Arizona are a number of young Chinese men sent here by their government to study aviation. The 3-A Class of Clawson School, Douglas, Arizona, wanted to extend some courtesies to the Chinese aviation cadets in training at a near-by air base. They decided that these cadets might like to know something about the unusual vegetation in that section of the country. The prickly pear plant was chosen as one of the most typical of Arizona. The class wrote a letter to the Chinese cadets describing the plant; and some of its fruit, wrapped in bright cellophane paper, was sent in a box decorated with cactus drawings. Instructions about eating prickly pears were included because one must be careful of the little thorns.

Just before graduation, the Chinese cadets sent the 3-A Class this letter:

"We really can't begin to say how much did we enjoy the prickly pears you sent us the other day, both because they were so tasteful and because they represent the sincere friendship between you and us. Thanks a million!

"Let me say a few words about our life here. We are very lucky to have a chance to visit your country in time of war. On the way over here, we passed a great part of your country. We loved the sceneries, the beautiful sights. We love the people who live in this country, too, for they're so brave, sincere, frank and lovable.



COURTESY "THE POST-GAZETTE"

J. R. C. service is a part of daily schoolwork at Renziehausen Convalescent Ward of Children's Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"Maybe you know that the life in the Army is so busy and rather tough. But, regardless of those hardships, we're here learning hard, day and night, in order to accelerate the coming of our victory, and to be ready to fight for freedom and justice in the world. Pretty soon we'll be back in our mother country and flying over Tokyo."



JUNIOR RED CROSS members in the Orthopedic Room at Walnut Street School in Lansing, Michigan, worked together to complete an afghan for the use of men in our armed forces. One girl who knit six squares had her arm in an airplane sling. Two children who have muscular trouble which makes it especially hard for them to handle knitting needles completed another half-dozen squares.

At the request of the Red Cross Field Director at Camp Shanks, J. R. C. members of Rye, New York, Country Day School have just completed a bulletin board for use at Red Cross headquarters at the camp.

Articles made for the armed forces were on display at a meeting of the Omaha, Nebraska, J. R. C. Council. Exhibits like this, set up where the public can see them, would make good publicity for the Red Cross War Fund this month.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION





Winks ran all the way to the barns to apologize for getting up so late

Winks and the Willy-gillis

Theodora J. Foth

Drawings by Iris Beatty Johnson

WINKS was really very grown up for seven. Besides, he *didn't believe* in the Willy-gillis! Of course, Winks was not his real name. Farfar, which is the Swedish way to say grandfather on your father's side, called him that because he couldn't get up early in the morning, no matter how hard he tried. Whenever he at last winked the sleep out of his eyes, he found his breakfast snoozing comfortably under a covered dish and knew that Farfar was already out at the barns. Winks felt sorry to be eating alone. He hurried and hurried and even ran all the way to the barns to apologize for getting up so late.

Farfar would just shake his head and say, "Back home in Sweden we never let the grass grow under our feet!"

"Isn't there something I can *do* about it?" Winks would ask.

"If you went to sleep in the attic," Farfar always answered, "the Willy-gillis would cure you."

"What's the Willy-gillis?" said Winks.

"Don't exactly know." Farfar would stroke his chin, and his eyes would look as if they were fibbing.

Winks would dig the toe of a shoe into a soft spot of dirt near the edge of the grass and kick upward. "If you don't know what the Willy-gillis is, how can you expect him to cure me?"

"Don't exactly know," Farfar would mutter again. Winks would think that their conversation was exactly - - - yes, exactly, the same as the morning before and all the other mornings before. "But he *would* cure you!" Farfar would insist in a loud voice. And that ended it.

On Saturday Winks sat thinking hard while he drank his big mug of milk. He was thinking so hard that he forgot to watch the little gnome on the inside of the mug grow downward from the peak of his cap to the ends of his pointed shoes as the milk disappeared. Winks was going to change the conversation. Defi-

nately he was going to change it. If Farfar wouldn't, why, he simply had to!

Winks set off for the barns. The talk went on to the point where Farfar said, "If you went to sleep in the attic, the Willy-gillis would cure you!" Then Winks felt shyness coming up to his throat in little gulps. But he was determined, and so he fumbled around for the words.

"Er - - I've been here since last Saturday," Winks began. Farfar stopped feeding the chickens and looked down hard at him with his frosty blue eyes. Winks went on bravely. "I still get up late, don't I?" Farfar did not answer at once, but all the hungry hens cackled a loud "yes" behind him.

"And I haven't even seen the attic!" Winks said.

Yes, sir, the conversation was going to take a turn. Farfar gave a loud "Oho!" that almost tumbled Winks over. Then he finished feeding the hens and went across the barnyard to sit down on the stone watering-trough.

"I guess," he said to Winks, "I guess you may sleep in the attic tonight. Back home in Sweden the children always slept in the attic. And they never got up late. The Willy-gillis saw to that!"

"I don't believe in the Willy-gillis. That's kid stuff," said Winks.

But he was excited all day. That night they went up the twisted stairs to the attic, and Farfar held up the oil lantern. At the north end under the eaves were two bunk beds. They were placed head to head. A built-in chest of drawers and two carved posts separated them. One bunk faced a tiny east window. The

other faced a tiny west window. All the woodwork was painted with bright Swedish figures: churches, houses, men and women, boys and girls and farm animals. Winks just stared and stared until Farfar turned down the covers of the east bed.

"I'll just set this pitcher of water here with the lamp on the chest. You're such a big boy that you can put the lamp out yourself when you are all ready," Farfar



"I see you have got me up in the middle of the night," said Winks

said. "You may open your window, too."

Winks said "Good night" a little faintly. The attic was a whole flight of stairs away from the other bedrooms. But he forgot about being alone after he was in his night clothes and kneeling down beside all the bright figures to say his prayers. He looked at all the figures carefully. Then he said his prayers and

put out the lamp. Before he got into bed, he opened his own little window.

Once he was under the covers, Winks thought seriously about staying awake all night and watching for the Willy-gillis. He thought so seriously that he promptly fell asleep. When he awoke, the attic was full of a soft gray light, the beginning of the next day. Winks winked and rubbed his eyes. There—on the window sill of his little window—sat a strange person indeed. A brisk early breeze shook his bright blue jacket. He was swinging his legs and trying to touch Wink's bedcovers with his pointed shoes. He had a long white beard, round red cheeks, bright black eyes and a big pointed cap with ragged edges. And strangely, too, he looked familiar.

"I suppose you're the Willy-gillis?" Winks said. "I don't believe in you."

The visitor just said, "Huh!" through his nose.

"I see you have got me up in the middle of the night," Winks went on.

" 'Tisn't," said the Willy-gillis.

" 'Tisn't what?"

"The middle of the night!"

"It must be," said Winks. "Why, it's dark yet."

"The sun is just getting out of bed. If you come down to this end of your bed, you can see him." The Willy-gillis beckoned with a long, bony forefinger.

But Winks suddenly ducked his head under the bedcovers. He was grown up for seven but—

It was queer, though. He couldn't remember doing it, but he must have gone

down to the bottom of the bed because a little later he found himself leaning out of the window on his elbows and smelling the new day. The sun was really up, too. It sent great streamers of lovely orange into the attic to pick out the pretty colors in the Swedish pictures. Winks sniffed for a few seconds. Then he jumped up and dressed and ran down the stairs to the kitchen. Farfar was just starting the fire under the porridge. He wasn't a bit surprised to see Winks there so early. He just said, "You may pour the milk into your mug yourself."

Very proud of being on time, Winks caught up the china pitcher. As he held it over his mug, he gave a little gasp. No wonder the Willy-gillis had looked familiar. There was a picture of him on his milk mug—the very same strange little figure. He poured the milk.

"Farfar?"

"Yes?"

"I guess I am cured of getting up late."

"Don't exactly know."

Winks was annoyed at that answer. *He* knew. He definitely knew. "May I sleep in the attic tonight?"

"Don't exactly know why you can't always sleep there when you come to visit me," Farfar said, tucking the muffins in the warming pan.

"Did you know that the Willy-gillis looks just like the gnome in my milk mug?" Winks asked.

"Didn't exactly know," Farfar answered.

"Well, I saw him and he does!" Winks said in a whisper.



COURTESY "PIONEER-PRESS"

Toot-Toot—Gift Train

BOYS AND GIRLS enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross are working hard these days. Members of Lindsay School, St. Paul, Minnesota, made the train you see on this page. Then they went from room to room collecting scrap to sell. The money they earned was used to pay for all kinds of gifts for people in hospitals: checkerboards, sewing kits, scrapbooks, an afghan.

Boys and girls in the Beaver County Day School, Boston, Massachusetts, are very fond of their pet lamb. One day they decided that their pet, too, should be given a chance to do something for the Junior Red Cross. So they sheared the lamb and washed and combed its wool. There was enough for five warm baby quilts.

McCann School, Wyandotte, Michigan, wrote: "We are kindergarten children. We are filling scrapbooks to send to hospitals for little shut-in children. We send the children all our love and hope they will get well very soon."

"We are second-graders. We are saving old tin cans and paper. We are sav-

ing all kinds of metal, too. Some of us have brought in books for our soldiers. We are making a marble bag. It is for a children's hospital."

First-graders in Tuxedo, New York, Union School said: "We brought cans, boxes and coat hangers to school. We painted them red, yellow, green and blue. Then we shellacked them. We will give them to the Tuxedo Hospital. They can use the cans and boxes for paper baskets, pins and flowers."

Hundreds of thousands of boys and girls all around the world are working together with you. At Tenterfield in Australia, the Koalas, or youngest J.R.C. members, planned a concert. They decided to have it on Wattle Day because the wattle, or mimosa, is Australia's national tree. Mothers and fathers were invited. After the concert everybody had fun, especially when there was a chance to ride in a tiny cart pulled by a black billygoat. With the money from the concert, wool was bought to make rugs. Some of the money was sent to help support a J. R. C. home for sick children.

WE WORK FOR *Victory*



COURTESY OF BUFFALO COURIER-EXPRESS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

COURTESY OF THE TIMES, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

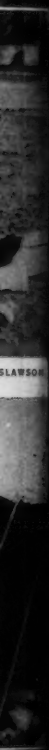
J. R. C. members are working to hasten victory. Above left, girls of Washington Junior High School, Fresno, California, are making layettes for babies like the tiny patient shown below. Skills learned in St. Louis, Missouri, First Aid classes, above right, can come in handy on the playground as shown below by girls in Fort Worth, Texas. Lower left, girls of Campus Junior High School, Kutztown, Pennsylvania, are making afghans for our servicemen, and shown above is a boy of Delaware School, North Tonawanda, New York, who visited a camp hospital and saw how much the men liked these lap robes. Lower right, children of Freeman School, Rockford, Illinois, are packing and weighing paper. Proceeds of the sale went to the N.C.F., some of which helps refugee children like those in the picture above.

COURTESY OF ROCKFORD REGISTER-REPUBLIC



COURTESY OF L. E. SLAWSON





LAWSON